And *Walters* dagger was not come from sheathing:
There were none fine, but *Adam*, *Rafe*, and *Gregorie*,
The rest were ragged, old, and beggerly,
Yet as they are, heere are they come to meete you.
Pet. Go rascals, go, and fetch my supper in. *Ex. Ser.*
Where is the life that late I led?
Where are those? Sit downe *Kate*,
And welcome. Soud, soud, soud, soud.
Enter seruants with supper.
Why when I say? Nay good sweete *Kate* be merrie.
Off with my boots, you rogues: you villaines, when?
It was the Friar of Orders gray,
As he forth walked on his way.
Out you rogue, you plucke my foot awrie,
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.
Be merrie *Kate*: Some water heere: what hoa.
Enter one with water.
Where's my Spaniel *Troilus*? Sirra, get you hence,
And bid my cozen *Ferdinand* come hither:
One *Kate* that you must kisse, and be acquainted with.
Where are my Slippers? shall I haue some water?
Come *Kate* and wash, and welcome heartily:
You horson villaine, will you let it fall?
Kate. Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault vnwilling.
Pet. A horson beetle-headed flap-ear'd knaue:
Come *Kate* sit downe, I know you haue a stomack,
Will you giue thankes, sweete *Kate*, or else shall I?
What's this, Mutton?
1. *Ser.* I.
Pet. Who brought it?
Peter. I.
Pet. 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat
What dogges are these? Where is the rascall Cooke?
How durst you villaines bring it from the dresser
And serue it thus to me that loue it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
You heedlesse iolt-heads and vnmanner'd slaues.
What, do you grumble? Ile be with you straight.
Kate. I pray you husband be not so disquiet,

The meat was well, if you were so content
Pet. I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas burnt and
And I expresselie am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders choller, planteth anger,
And better 'twere that both of vs did fast,
Since of our selues, our selues are choller
Then feede it with such ouer-rosted flesh:
Be patient, to morrow 't shall be mended
And for this night we'l fast for companie
Come I will bring thee to thy Bridall cha
Enter Seruants seuera
Nat. Peter didst euer see the like.
Peter. He kills her in her owne humo
Grumio. Where is he?
Enter Curtis a Seruant
Cur. In her chamber, making a serm
and railes, and sweares, and rates, that
not which way to stand, to looke, to sp
risen from a dreame. Away, away, for he
Enter Petruchio.
Pet. Thus haue I politickely begun
And 'tis my hope to end successefully:
My Faulcon now is sharpe, and passing e
And till shee stoope, she must not be full
For then she neuer lookes vpon her lure,
Another way I haue to man my Haggar
To make her come, and know her keepe
That is, to watch her, as we watch these
That baite, and beate, and will not be ob
She eate no meate to day, nor none shall
Last night she slept not, nor to night she
As with the meat, some vndeserued faul
Ile finde about the making of the bed,
And heere Ile fling the pillow, there the
This way the Couerlet, another way the
I, and amid this hurly I intend,
That all is done in reuerend care of her,
And in conclusion, she shall watch all ni
And if she chance to nod, Ile raile and b

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Taming of the Shrew* (STC 22327) LONDON, 1631 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 3706)